

# FORWARD



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No. 2

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April

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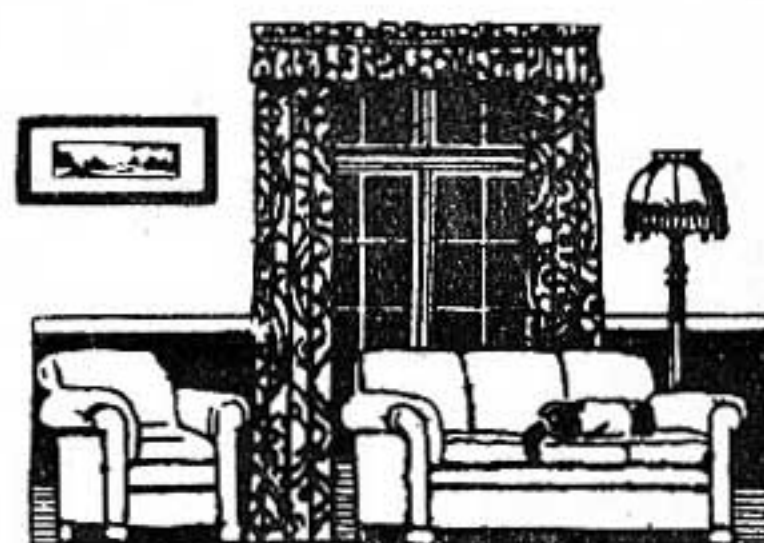
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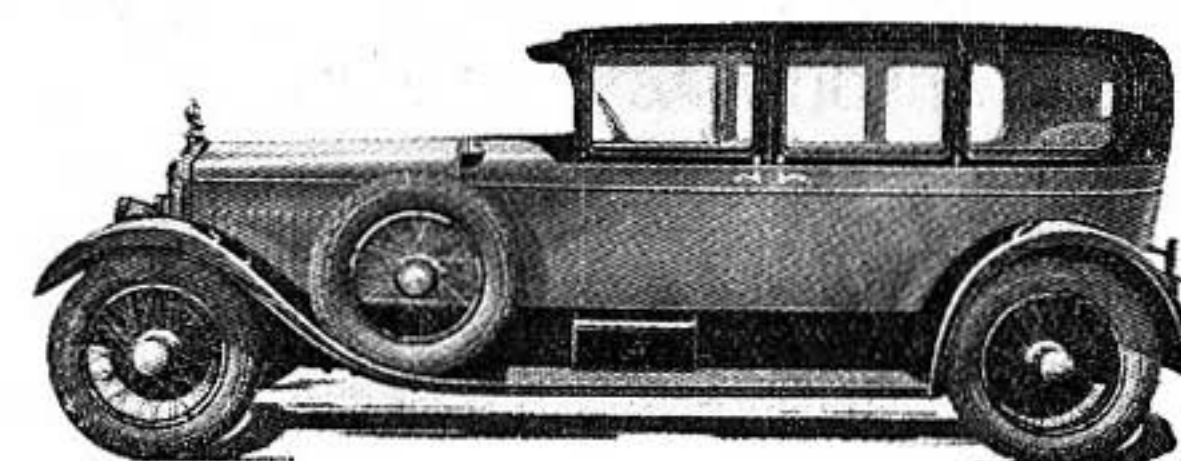
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APRIL, 1928

1



## The Tribute of the Sea

C. Mahlmann '28

MEN have sailed the seas for so many years, and have there done such amazing things in the face of difficulty, danger, and death, that no one tale of heroism exists which cannot be equalled by at least scores of others. As, under trying circumstances, the behaviour of untried men is always of interest, I am telling again, the story of the MARENGO, as an example of undefeatable courage and coolheadedness.

The MARENGO was a small, four masted, screw-steamer of 2,000 tons, chartered to take troops to India during the mutiny of 1857, when anything that could sail or be steered was immediately requisitioned.

Her crew, with the exception of the officers, and one or the other engineer and fireman were foreigners, picked up or shanghaied at the last moment, from the wharves and quays of Hull. By their very looks, they

seemed lazy and insubordinate. The troops, on the contrary, were very well disciplined, and caused little or no trouble to the officers in charge.

In spite of the urgent need, there seemed to be no apparent hurry about the MARENGO. She took two long months to reach Capetown, Cape Colony, stayed there a week to coal, and then resumed the voyage, on the 20th October, 1857.

By this time, the crew were all but openly mutinous, and some soldiers, who had picked up a little seamanship on the way, were obliged to work the ship out of port.

Three weeks later, on the 11th of November, a squall struck the MARENGO, and carried away her mizzen-mast. It was during this tempest that Capt. John Sanderson, the individual I have in mind, performed a deed which will remain green in the mind of every sailor until his dying day.



The squall waxed into a furious gale. The green water surged and formed at the ship's prow and the piercing north wind blew a shrill blast through the rigging. Here and there the protruding of a shark's triangular fin above the surface of the turbulent and tossing water told of the menaces of the deep. Occasionally a great wave thundered against the sides of the vessel, careening her over, and flooding her decks, carrying all loose or improperly fastened articles overboard. In short, the MARENGO was tossing helplessly, 500 miles from land, in a sea infested with sharks, and at the mercy of a hurricane.

The climax of this ill-luck came on November 13. Some soldiers, working on the forecastle, were surprised by seeing dense black smoke rolling out of the after hatch. The bugle call to stations rang through the steamer from stem to stern, from prow to poop-deck, above the noise of the raging storm, which had slightly abated during the past two days. Capt. Sanderson promptly provisioned the boats, and had them lowered overboard with some difficulty. The sailors, out of control, piled into them, and kept well away from the ship, for they knew she carried two magazines full of cartridges, and they were taking no chances. Later, when called upon to help, they refused, and, adding insult to injury, consigned the ship and all aboard to perdition.

The soldiers, under their captain's orders, cleared out the starboard magazine, while some volunteers started for the one larboard, the entrance of which was already blazing.

Major Kennedy, commander of the troops, was talking excitedly to the

captain in front of the roaring inferno, out of which soldiers were passing cases of cartridges and throwing them overboard.

"You think she'll hold, sir?" gasped the major.

"For some time yet," was the reassuring answer, "but I'm afraid we can't get all the ammunition out before the fire reaches the inner chambers."

One by one, the volunteers dropped, suffocated by the stifling smoke. The popping of exploding cartridges spluttering like fireworks signified that the fire was spreading rapidly. Would it penetrate too far and put an end to the 400 seamen on board? Everything seemed to point in this direction but there was still a chance, one that was hard to carry thru, but on it depended the lives of the four hundred men. Captain Sanderson knew the MARENGO was built with a watertight bulkhead behind the engine room, and he proposed to cut through the bulkhead and pump on the fire.

Volunteers headed by the captain himself, dropped into the bunkers, and for the two or three minutes that each individual could stand the stifling fumes, shovelled away the singeing fuel, while others threw buckets of water against the wall of fire, advancing against the ammunition chamber.

Slowly but surely, the fire died away, slowly but surely, the blazing mass of coals was extinguished, and a bluish vapor hung over the red hot beams of the vessel. Though every particle of wood in the ship's stern had been destroyed, Captain Sanderson's daring venture in saving the MARENGO from being shattered into a thousand fragments had succeeded.

On the 15th, they spread a sail over their solitary mast (It was providential that the vessel possessed four

at the start), and, by the aid of the trade winds, made for Mauritius.

A canvas tent replaced the captain's cabin, and, twelve days later, with the aid of a single compass and chart, they sighted land.

Then the gutted steamer entered the harbour of Port Louis, and all on board were most courteously received at the hands of the French inhabitants, without having lost a single life.

Regarding the mutinous sailors, who, by the way, were the direct cause of the conflagration, the troops administered their own justice to the malefactors during the twelve days sail to port.

Upon landing at Mauritius, the troops were transferred to another vessel, and after medical treatment had been administered to the few injured, the remainder of the trip to India passed without anything extraordinary taking place. The MARENGO being all burnt out, was sold as scrap iron, and the S.S. EMPEROR of the same tonnage, replaced the former vessel on the line. Capt. Sanderson was placed in charge of this steamer, and suffice to say, his sailors, crew, and all who came in contact with him, looked up to him as an example of undaunted courage and bravery.

## Fickle Fortune Favors The Faithful

C. Price '28

ISOLATED on the outskirts of the primeval forests of the Province of Joshu stood the lonely house of Sano Genzaimon. Winter frowned on the surrounding landscape covering it with snow three feet deep, and sending piercing shrieking winds thru the shrouded pines and piling up the driving snow all about. Only a small red spot broke the drab whiteness of the snow-covered walls of the house. It was the paper-covered 'shoji' reflecting the glow of a genial fire within.

Trudging stolidly against the biting wind with cowed head and hunched shoulders, a snow-fraught figure arrived exhausted at the meagre shelter of the mudwall. For the last half-hour his cue had been the flickering gleam he had picked up over a hundred paces off.

Shaking off his snowpack the youth called timidly. Twice, three time he

repeated his call, and then only did a shadow darken the 'shoji' while it was another few minutes before the gate opened, and in the light of the doorway, stood a shivering youth of about sixteen. The lady who came to the door could plainly hear his chattering teeth, for his only protection against the cold was a threadbare kimono soaked with the snow that the heat of his body had converted to water. Never was there a more pitiable sight, and the kind heart of Genzaimon's wife warmed to it with pity and sympathy. It did not take long to understand the stammering appeal for shelter against the biting cold. But with a sinking heart she told him that she could do nothing for him just then as her husband was out; but even as she spoke a figure loomed out of the surrounding darkness, and shaking off the snow, stepped into the light.



It was Sano Genzaimon who seeing his wife shivering in the cold asked what the trouble was. Upon hearing that hospitality had been requested he frankly told the 'koso' that there was nothing but barley in the house, and added chivalrously: "I'm proud enough not to dream of ever offering such a meal to a guest of mine!" But he gave the youth directions to find a hostel two miles further on, where he could get food and lodging in return for some menial work, and with this he bade him good-night and led his wife into the house.

Turning sorrowfully away, the 'koso' had hardly walked a hundred yards when Sano came panting after him and invited him in apologetic accents to stay over if he thought it preferable to walking to the inn, "My wife forced me to change my mind because of your impoverished appearance."

Thus the 'koso' took up his abode in Sano Genzaimon's house for the following week.

The snow did not cease fluttering down, nor did the bitter north wind arrest its howling journey thru the bending branches of the pines; and agony reigned in the Sano household. No more wood to provide heat for the shivering occupants. The supply had dwindled down to a dwarfed 'hachino-ki' or specimen of ash, standing on a raised dais, a beautiful example of Japanese horticultural skill, raising its thick gnarled trunk, from a glazed porcelain pot of exquisite workmanship. From generation to generation, the ancestors of Sano Genzaimon had kept it and cherished it, and now it had become a family keepsake, but, notwithstanding the scandal it would cause, Sano heedless of the protests and remonstrances of his guest, ruthlessly took

the pot down from its place of honor and threw it on the glowing pile of charcoal to give warmth to the guest and heat for the cooking of his food. Such was his chivalry.

As he threw the wood on the fire, simultaneously with the burst of flame, a snowwhite dove flew out and in a distant voice prophesied: "This day thou hast earned thy reward which will be forthcoming." At this marvelous indication of prosperity to come, Sano fell on his knees and prayed to his God.

Then turning to his guest, and pointing to two Samurai swords glinting with burnished splendour, he started to pour out all the pent-up patriotism that had been brewing quietly in his heart from the tenderest years in which his father had instilled the Samurai ideals of Chivalry and Loyalty into his young breast. He told the 'koso' that he was waiting patiently for years to receive the summons to rally to the Shogun's banner, and he swore that he would put himself at the head of the warriors from the surrounding district, and would be the first to pay homage to his lord.

At last the sky cleared, and with it the 'koso' bade a tearful farewell to the couple, for he had grown to love the Samurai who had been so kind to him, a mere waif, coming from nowhere, and going nowhither.

A month passed, when suddenly a messenger arrived from the Shogun with a call to mobilize. Never did a man appear so proud and glad as Sano Genzaimon as he girded on his sword and saddled his warhorse. True to his word, as the band arrived at the Shogun's castle, Sano was at their head, and was the first to salute the Shogun and pay his respects.

This done, he was shown by the Shogun's own aide-de-camps into a magnificent room in which were seated a full hundred of the leading Samurais of the Land. They led him thru the length of the room till they reached a section where the floor was at a higher level, and the walls of which were much more richly decorated; here stood the Shogun's throne. He was requested to squat next to three other men, whom he recognized as the three most powerful men of the Shogun's retinue.

Sitting in the place of honor, with time to burn, waiting for the Shogun to appear, Sano could not but wonder why he should be treated with so much respect.

At last his train of thought was broken by the solemn entry of the Shogun and his retinue. When quiet was established, the Shogun rose and briefly told the assembled multitude the purpose of this call to arms. He, Tojo Tokiyori, the first Shogun of the Land of the Rising Sun had been challenged by the Daimyo of Hiroshima, who was even then under way with considerable forces. "You all know that Ikechi Mitsuhide, my first lieutenant, and head of my army had committed hara-kiri, and now I need a successor. Whom do you deem worthy of that exalted position? It is Sano Genzaimon, who sits there in the front row, meek and submissive in appearance, but who is going to be my mainstay in the field of battle, and in the councilhall, for the gods have elaimed it such." He then explained to them the reason of his choice, for all and everyone present,

Sano himself included, were astonished beyond words to describe.

"Two months ago, I dreamt a peculiar dream. I appeared in it as having a son of eighteen, and in order to inure him to hardship and to steel his character, I sent him out in rags on a blistering day of winter to make the round of my Samurais, thereby to see what degree of chivalry each possessed in sheltering a poor beggar boy. It took him a week and a half to return, and when at last he did, he related to me the great act of kindness he had received from the hands of Sano Genzaimon, and of the loyalty and love that burned for him, the Shogun, in the heart of Sano. And my imaginary son seemed to urge me to make him my first lieutenant, and was yet in the act of doing so, when I awoke.

"For a month nothing happened and I had well-nigh forgotten the incident, when suddenly it all came back to me in a flash, when a youth presented himself at the castle with the same tale, and when he had uttered the identical command to make Sano my assistant, he disappearing as suddenly as he had appeared. This is the reason," he said simply, "for my choice of him to lead you, my loyal retainers, to the battle fray. Now, Sano Genzaimon, ascend and receive the insignia of your office, and the lordship of the province of Joshu. See to it that you are worthy of this favour."

Thus was Sano Genzaimon amply repaid for his great sacrifice, in burning up the treasured heirloom.





## The Bonds of Friendship

Joseph da Silva '28

THE surest way of locating Rex Morgan anywhere round the campus, was, according to the boys in the college, to hunt for Barry West. Having located Barry, Rex was certain to be close by. That is to say these two were inseparable.

Both were well-built athletic college men eager to receive the sheepskin—for both were able scholars—and show their career in the business world.

It was on the eve of Commencement Day that Rex Morgan knocked at number 12, the room of Barry West. Rex's blue eyes sparkled mischievously as the door was opened by Barry himself. "Well Barry, old pal are you ready?" "Just a moment Rex, a drop of this perfume on my hanky and then, I will be at your disposal." Rex Morgan walked up to his chum and said, "Barry." "Yep," replied Barry fixing his perfumed handkerchief into his pocket. "Don't you realize Barry we are going to part to-morrow?" "I certainly do Rex, but why so blue to-night? We can write to each other often, and besides you can come over and see us sometimes, Rex. Come on cheer up old pal, we have been friends for four years and surely we will continue our friendship after leaving college." "You bet we will Barry," replied Rex and to prove to you that I am serious about it accept this small remembrance from your pal." Rex drew from his tuxedo pocket a small neatly packed box. "Thanks Rex, thanks, I surely appreciate your seriousness," Barry laughingly remarked, as he opened the box.

"Boy, cuff links with my initials engraved. Thanks, thanks Rex." "Let's hurry, Barry, before we are late for the dinner."

After the sheepskin had been presented to them the pair were at last obliged to part. Barry was the first to leave, and locked in each other's embrace Rex whispered "Be careful Barry boy! Don't be too carefree and reckless." "Nix, Rex, nix, I am quite all right." The train slowly pulled out from the platform and was soon out of sight. Rex sighed "Gone but not forgotten."

Detective Rex Morgan sat in his perfectly equipped office scanning over the reports of the day. Ten years seemed to have grayed the once brown hair at the temples of Rex Morgan. He had taken a liking to detective work and five years ago he began as a police reporter and because of his energetic and courageous demeanor he was promoted and made assistant chief of police. At last he finished his work and was just about to go to his club for dinner when a letter was brought in to him. Rex quickly tore the flap open and immediately looked at the name of the sender. Disappointment again. For five long years he had hoped for a letter from his old college pal Barry West but none came. He could not exactly blame Barry, for Barry had written to him before, after they had left college, but when Rex had to leave his home town as a refugee due to a tornado which destroyed his home and killed his parents, he decided to go to Barry's home and see if he

APRIL, 1928

could help him find a job. To his utter surprise he found the home of his chum occupied by total strangers who told him that Barry and his father left for South America after having sold their house. Dejectedly, Rex returned to his exiled home and finally got a position as a police reporter. From that day on he never heard from his classmate. The thought of his friend forgetting him brought a pang to his heart.

Suddenly the door of his office was pushed open and a detective rushed inside and said, "Holdup at the City Bank, hurry Cap." Rex was off like the wind and jumping into his roadster he reached the bank in record time. As he entered the crowd in the bank made way and Rex walked into the vault room. Three other detectives were in the room and lying face downward on the floor was the janitor, dead as a door nail. The door of the vault had been blown out and the vault was completely looted. "Any clue, boys?" Rex asked. "None at all chief." A policeman appeared at the door and said: "It's double murder Cap. We traced the car and fifty yards away we found the driver's body plumb full of lead." "Found anything in the car?" "Yes, this cuff link" replied the police, handing Rex a blood-stained cuff link. A cuff link!! What pleasant memories it brought back to his busy mind! No he must not think of the past. He must act immediately and with caution for no ordinary robbers would commit double murder.

Rex looked at the cuff link in the privacy of his own room that night. It was covered with thick dry blood. He scraped the blood from the link. Cold beads of perspiration oozed from his forehead. A dizziness

seemed to overcome him. Horrors it was Barry West's cuff link. The cuff link that he, Detective Rex Morgan, gave the day they parted ten years before. It must surely be a mistake. Barry would never do such a thing as to break a bank... Barry a thief...a murderer...impossible.

The next morning Rex looked haggard and sickly as a shadow of his former self. The thought that Barry was a murderer almost drove him mad.

The culprits were never caught. Rex was too disgusted to continue his detective service. He resigned six months later afraid that if he should continue he would have to condemn his own friend. Two weeks after Rex resigned Barry West called to see him. Rex immediately recognized him, for ten years had not changed his looks, and hurriedly closed the door in which they were. "Barry, what have you done...have you come to give me more pain." "Sorry Rex to trouble you but I came to give myself up." "So you were the crook. You reckless, ungrateful pal.....you promised to write" "...Stop Rex, I always thought of you and I knew why you resigned from the service. I fell into bad company, I gambled and I was full to the neck with debts...but honest Rex I did not do the murdering. Take me Rex I am ready to pay." "Barry, I no longer belong to the law. Leave this country at once and may God forgive you as I forgive you and remember I am still your pal. Go before it is too late."

One year later the amount stolen from the City Bank was restored in a most mysterious manner. Rex Morgan alone understood.



## Stand Back and Think It Over

C. Lum '28

THERE is a tendency among boys to be lazy and to abhor thinking. In general, they follow and believe what others have done, without the slightest reflection whether it is good or wrong. In short, they lack the cardinal virtues of fortitude and prudence. The want of fortitude keeps them from standing back, and the want of prudence makes them headless. As a consequence, they follow their natural untrained feelings, and expose themselves to excitement, mistakes, dangers, temptations and vices. If this evil is not curbed while young, it will wreck and ruin them. The following may drive home the idea.

At Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, there lived an old Japanese noble called Nakamura Hayashi. He was one of the lords of the imperial palace, and had distinguished himself in several battles fought against the eastern rebels. For this reason, he was highly honored and favored by the emperor. Due to age and infirmity, he left the court and retired to his pleasant country seat in Ise, far away from the turmoil of the capital, and close by a peaceful country village.

To the great grief of the old noble, his only son of six, the idol of his old age, died of typhoid fever shortly after his arrival in the country. In the midst of this affliction, his wife likewise passed away. The poor noble, dogged by misfortune, sank into deep melancholy. His sorrow and grief would have been unsupportable, had he not been comforted by an old cheerful servant.

Under the guidance of this faithful servant, Count Hayashi took every opportunity to invite all the little boys of the neighboring village to his house, and delighted in joking and playing with them as much as he could. He regaled them with tales of his expedition, with gifts of games, and thus the noble's mansion soon became the boys' favorite haunt of amusement.

Right in the center of his oriental garden, stood a huge earthenware aquarium, about six feet in diameter and five in height, with a shape somewhat like a giant pot. Finding it too monotonous and wearisome to play always on the ground, the boys, unacquainted with danger, climbed up to the edge of the aquarium. There they began to play "Oninoko", the game of tag, along the narrow edge.

"Ahla, ahla! Oni! Goro, oni!" was the cheerful cry, ringing out from the whole garden. It meant that Goro was caught and it was now his turn to touch the others. With exulting boyish spirit, he cautiously walked along the edge one step after another as fast as he could, hoping to get hold of the one in front of him. He sped up as he approached nearer his comrade, stretched out his right hand as far as possible, and at last grasped his friend by the belt.

"Oni! Jiro, Oni!" cried out Goro, seizing the coat tight in his hand. So excited was Jiro in this moment, that trying to get rid of his friend, he turned and twisted his body, without thinking of the danger that would follow. Alas! Goro lost his

balance and so tumbled into the water, pulling Jiro with him.

At this unexpected occurrence, the youthful frolickers got alarmed and excited. Following their natural unruly impulses, all, except Matsuda, a boy of seven, ran out of the garden to hide themselves. Matsuda, instead of following them, stood back by the side of the aquarium, and began to think how he could save his unfortunate friends. No bright idea came to him offhand! Nevertheless, he kept on standing back, for he was once taught by his father, that when suddenly faced with any critical form of affairs, he was never to run away, but to stand back as long as possible to make the best of the situation. He kept his father's counsel in mind, and while doing so, caught sight of the several stones, which the boys had used for climbing up to the edge of the aquarium.

"Yoshi, yoshi! I know what to do now," he mused to himself thoughtfully.

Without a moment's hesitation, he took up a stone and with all his might, threw it against the aquarium adown its bulging and bellying side. Another stone was thrown as before, and this time the water, together with some precious fish, came out of the aquarium, and thus the poor little Jiro and Goro were saved from being drowned. No sooner had the danger

disappeared, than the old noble came back from the village market, with a basket of fruits and cakes in his hands. He stared angrily at the boys, for having broken his aquarium and misbehaved during his absence. But as soon as Matsuda reported to him what had happened, the old noble, taking him by the hand cried out with inexpressible joy and admiration: "What a wonderful and ingenious boy you are! Where is your house and who is your father? I'll go and see him."

They both marched towards the village and there he met the old Matsuda, shouldering a plough and coming back from the field.

"Ah, ah! Mr. Matsuda. How well you have taught your son!" said the noble. Then he related to him the whole story and continued: "Since I have no son nor relatives here, I am very glad to adopt and title your own son as my future heir."

The simple farmer was inclined to ward off such a stroke of fortune on account of his own low standing in the social world.

"Don't be humble," interrupted the old noble, "For your son's merit deserves it."

"Ha, ha!" said the old Matsuda, turning towards his son, "Don't you see it now? How valuable is the principle 'STAND BACK AND THINK IT OVER!'"

## Cell No. 13

Alex Neary '28

"YES, sir, I tell you, it's the fourth prisoner who escaped during the last two years from Cell No. 13. And all of them escaped in the same way. The curious part is that they all were convicted for manslaughter. Sheer coincidence of course. The worst part is that none of the escaped prisoners have been caught. They simply vanish! How they escape is what I want you to find out," said the governor of Oni



prison to detective Horiyoshi. He continued:

"Of course, manslaughter cases are not confined to Cell 13. But they might be, as this cell is the worst we've got, it's cold-cold-" the governor actually shivered as he said this. "-You'd freeze to death there as many already have. It's an end cell-on a remnant of the old building-a subterranean cell."

"You're sure the men couldn't get out through the window?"

"It's barred and inaccessible-it has glass-yes, glass three inches thick and it is submerged in a moat which is frozen throughout the year. The window is out of the question! The only way in and out is through the door."

"What about the warder who looks after this cell?" interposed Horiyoshi.

"Nagata is all right. He's the straightest disciplinarian we have. He would never let a man escape. I'll swear to that. An-by the way-I wonder if it's worth mentioning-these men had caused the death of a child through cruelty. It's a coincidence, I suppose, odd, quite odd."

"That's strange!-Wait--" He was thinking hard. Five-ten-fifteen minutes passed and still he was staring hard at an inkstand on the desk in front of him. He was puzzled.

"What's the matter?" yelled the governor impatiently.

"Nothing-only this-say, I want to see the cell-but-as a convict. Is it possible for a convict to be transferred from another prison to this one without Nagata knowing all the particulars, at short notice?"

"Why sure, but-"

"You see, I want to visit the cell as a convict, without letting Nagata know that I am a detective. There's

convict Jiro in Nagasho prison and suppose he was transferred to Oni and, I were he, posing as Jiro, I'll occupy Cell 13, won't I?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You see, I want to go as Jiro, because he's convicted for killing a child."

"Well, your method is funny, but I'll let you have your own way. I'll piece this trick together."

"Good. Instruct Nagata to talk to me-to draw me out. And before retiring come and see me, and bring me this pistol."

Horiyoshi handed his six-shooter to the governor.

That evening Horiyoshi was put into Cell 13 in prison garb. After a few minutes he had made an acquaintance with Nagata, the warder, a short man of rather fierce mien and a rigid slit for a mouth. Nagata with the governor had accompanied him to his cell. While Nagata was waiting outside, the governor entered the cell with Horiyoshi and slipped the pistol to him without Nagata being the wiser. After the door was locked, the governor said, in obedience to Horiyoshi's request.

"An unrepentant sinner! Don't treat him any differently from the rest. See if any extra discipline is necessary. Watch him-talk to him! Don't let him escape!"

When alone, detective Horiyoshi examined the cell thoroughly. A small window submerged in green water, admitted but dim light. It was near the ceiling and was barred, and padded with thick glass and could not be reached. The walls and the floor were of stone, and thru the cracks oozed water which froze as it trickled out. On one wall was carved these words in Japanese verse: "Every earthly anguish vanishes before the

blast of the snowy wintry winds." Horiyoshi shivered when he read these words and only now did he feel the icy cold air of this cell. As the examination was over, Nagata appeared with the prisoner's supper.

"That's nice of you! Thought you'd shove that in through a hole. Say, what's the quickest way through here?"

"Think I'd tell you?"

"I've heard others escaped."

"You did? Wouldn't speak so loud if I were you."

"I knew one warder who used to drop in quite often for a conversation."

"Was there?"

"Yes, we got on quite well together till I offered him fifty yen to help me escape, then he cut me short."

"So you've got fifty yen to throw away?" murmured Nagata.

"Yes, but not here."

"Is your offer still good?"

"It is."

"Are you ready now?"

"I'm ready" whispered Horiyoshi.

"Then come."

"Say, how do I know you're playing straight? If you're just trying me, and I'm going into a dozen warders,-"

"I am alone. Trust me. I'll show you the way to escape."

"You swear?"

"All right. Come along."

"Lead the way."

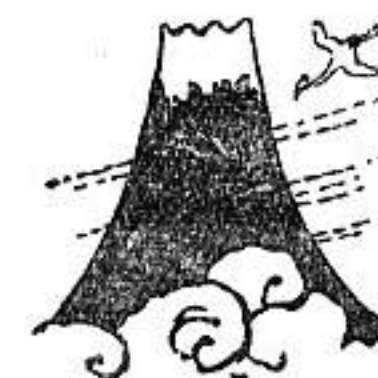
The warder went out of the cell. Horiyoshi followed. They went along a passage-the warder stopped. On a wall was opened a secret passage. Horiyoshi peeped in, but could see little, all was dark. All of a sudden, Nagata swung round and gripped him round the body.

"Down with you, child murderer! They wouldn't hang the man who killed my own child-my child-because he thought he was doing a grand thing going seventy miles an hour. But I'll teach them, I'll teach you."

Nagata was powerful, he had the strength of a beast, of a madman. For a few moments the detective struggled and with difficulty managed to fire into the air.

"Bang!" Nagata released his grip and was gone! "Splash!" Only now did Horiyoshi notice that a few yards ahead of him was an unused well. Deep, so deep he could not see the bottom. It was from its inky depths that rose this faint ominous splash!

Then hurried footsteps sounded along the passage.





## FRANÇAIS TROP DEMANDER NUIT

John Walker '28

Dans un faubourg de Tokyo vivaient ensemble trois frères, Tarō, Jirō, et Saburō. Un défaut commun, la paresse, les unissait comme trois êtres inséparables. Mais la nécessité dans laquelle ils se trouvaient de gagner de quoi se nourrir les obligea à chercher du travail. Et comme ils étaient d'une fainéantise inouïe ils décidèrent de tirer au sort celui qui allait avoir à chercher du travail pour tous les trois. Le sort tomba sur le second et celui-ci ne tarda pas à se mettre en campagne à la recherche de quelque ouvrage. Longtemps il chercha en vain. Tout le monde semblait se méfier de lui et deviner son défaut. Enfin un marchand au cœur plus tendre se laissa émouvoir et consentit à prendre Jirō à son service.

—Viens demain, je te donnerai du travail.

Jirō, bien que satisfait, hésitait à partir.

—Désires-tu encore autre chose, lui demanda l'aimable commerçant.

—Il y a mon petit frère Saburo, qui

aimerait lui aussi faire quelque chose.

—Quelle sorte d'individu est ce cadet ?

—Oh ! Il vaut bien mieux que moi !

—Dans ce cas je l'engage aussi. Amène-le demain. Nous lui trouverons de l'occupation.

Et Jirō de s'incliner et de se confondre en effusions de remerciements et en protestations de dévouement, mais tout cela sans avoir l'air de vouloir laisser en paix le marchand un peu pressé.

—Et bien quoi ? Il y a encore autre chose à demander ?

—Il y a mon frère aîné Tarō qui n'a pas de travail. Ne pourriez-vous pas l'employer lui aussi ?

—Qu'est-ce que c'est que ce Tarō ?

—Oh ! il est très bien, il vaut bien mieux que moi et Saburō ensemble !

—Dans ce cas envoie-le tout seul. Je n'ai besoin que de lui.

Sur cela notre marchand craignant une nouvelle demande encore plus importune ferma vivement la porte au nez de ce paresseux un peu trop exigeant.

## La Cérémonie du Thé

C. Mahlmann '28

La Cérémonie du Thé dans la forme la plus durable et la plus caractéristique a pour but non seulement de faire cesser tous les spectacles vulgaires et de faire pénétrer un peu de religion et de philosophie dans le public, mais surtout de fournir un moyen d'étudier les arts et la beauté de la nature. La salle de thé n'est pas une salle de festin, mais un endroit où le voyageur peut trouver la paix

dans une sérieuse méditation. Même le sentier du jardin, conduisant à la salle de thé a un sens symbolique, parce qu'il signifie le premier stage vers l'illumination par soi-même. Si le sentier, sous un fourré d'arbres, permettait de voir un coin de la mer éclairée par la lumière blafarde de la lune, c'était parfait. Une scène pareille était destinée à inspirer au voyageur le sentiment de la lumière

spirituelle. Les arbres, la mer, et la lune éveillaient des rêves d'antan et leur vue donnait aux invités l'idée de goûter dans un instant les joies plus profondes de la salle de thé. Un samurai n'était pas autorisé à porter son sabre dans ce sanctuaire aromatique de la paix. Dans beaucoup de salles de thé il y avait une petite porte et les invités y passaient en inclinant la tête, ce qui était un signe d'humilité. En silence les hôtes faisaient d'abord des révérences devant un kakemono ou quelque jolie fleur simple posée sur le tokonoma (alcôve) et alors s'accroupissaient sur les tatami (nattes). Les invités une fois placés, le maître de la maison et tous ceux qui étaient présents écoutaient en silence l'eau bouillir avec un son musical, parce qu'il y avait dans la bouillotte quelques morceaux de fer mis exprès pour produire ce son. Des

idées poétiques étaient associées à ce bruit : le chant de l'eau et du métal suggérait aux Japonais l'idée des échos d'une cataracte enveloppée de nuages, les vagues de la mer se brisant sur les rochers, un orage éffleurant à peine la bordure d'une forêt de bambous, ou les soupirs des pins agités sur une colline lointaine. Une grande harmonie régnait dans la salle de thé. Le faible éclairage de la salle signifiait la lueur du soleil après son coucher, et les habits des hôtes étaient sombres et de couleurs discrètes comme les ailes d'une phalène. Dans cet appartement de la paix, les invités buvaient leur thé, méditaient et puis s'en allaient de nouveau dans le monde se sentant meilleurs et plus forts, parce qu'ils avaient contemplé en silence la beauté et la noblesse de la nature et de l'art. (Traduction).

## Attrapé

John Mutow '28

Pourquoi tout ce monde assemblé aujourd'hui dans la cour du tribunal ? Un cas très grave va-t-il être discuté ? Quel crime énorme a donc été commis en ce beau jour de printemps où les pruniers en fleurs invitent à la poésie ? Voilà des questions que bien des gens se posaient en voyant une foule énorme autour du tribunal. Or ce qui avait réuni cette foule c'est la simple curiosité. La police venait justement d'amener un pauvre estropié accusé d'avoir dérobé un chaudron à une dame aisée.

Le juge confortablement installé à son bureau s'adressant tour à tour, à l'accusateur et à sa victime, interroge l'accusé et questionne la dame. Enfin après une bonne heure passée en informations le juge dit d'une voix grave à l'estropié.

—Vous êtes accusé d'avoir dérobé ce chaudron à cette dame et cela hier

soir après le coucher du soleil. Qu'avez-vous à répondre pour votre défense ?

—Mon bon monsieur, répond le pauvre homme, je n'ai qu'une raison pour vous convaincre de mon innocence, mais je crois qu'elle suffira. Comment voulez-vous que je vole un chaudron, si grand et si lourd ? Voyez je suis estropié et je ne puis marcher. Pour me déplacer je suis obligé de me traîner à l'aide de mes mains. Comment donc serais-je capable de voler et d'emporter un chaudron ?

—Très bien, dit le juge, tu es certainement innocent. Le chaudron est à toi, tu peux partir.

A peine l'estropié a-t-il entendu ces mots qu'il empoigne le chaudron le met sur sa tête et à l'aide de ses mains se déplace pour gagner la sortie.

—Holà, s'écrie le juge, "Gardes, Arrêtez le voleur, le voilà qui s'est trahi lui-même. Mettez-le au cachot."





### TO A FLOWER

Pale flower, growing beside life's road,  
Filling the air with sweet perfume,  
How frail and beautiful you are.  
What contrast to the surrounding gloom.

Like star-light in the darkened sky,  
Your beauty lights that gloomy spot.  
Weary and foot-sore passers-by,  
Whom joy and beauty have forgot,  
Pause to worship at your feet.

Pale flower growing beside life's road,  
The glory of a face so sweet  
Distils the peace of God's abode.

Dr. V. S. W. Worden, '09.

We're guaranteed  
For noble deeds  
When once we're given  
To broadened vision

### THE RESURRECTION

Three crosses capped the head of Calv'ry's hill,  
And sombre darkness claimed the world until  
The lightning flashed and rolling thunder  
pealed  
'Tween sky and earth, the gates of heaven  
unsealed.  
A voice: Behold thy Mother, leaves anon  
Our blessed Saviour's sacred lips. Upon  
The ground in streams of grace his blood  
doth flow,  
And there the seeds of holy pity grow.

The Son of Man no place to lay His head;  
A final blessing to His children dead,  
About to rise the morrow, free from stain,  
To the lasting lands of bliss from beds of  
pain.

Their bonds are free, at liberty, they go  
To reap the gifts they sowed so long ago;  
This was the dawn of life; this glorious day,  
Did mark the start of virtue's rugged way.

Charles Mahlmann '28

### OF A TRAMP, HIS GALLANTRY AND MODESTY

He was only a tramp  
Who heard a cry  
For help.  
He searched and found  
A little boy,  
Whose name unknown,  
Stuck on the main line track.  
He pulled  
And pulled,  
But he couldn't free  
The boy's foot  
From under the sleeper.  
An express train  
Came thundering  
Along.  
So the tramp put his arm  
Round the crying boy;  
And lay down  
On the track  
Beside him.  
And when the train had passed,

APRIL, 1928

The tramp went  
For help.  
So the boy  
Was freed.  
But the gallant tramp  
Merely walked away,  
And no one knows  
His name  
To-day.

J. S. B. '19

### THE BOY

During the peaceful hours of night  
What joyous dreams arise?  
Within his honest boyish heart,  
God and virtue are his prize.

Temptations bravely does he meet,  
During his happy boyhood days,  
But this in mind he always bears  
To keep himself from sinful ways.

To God he lifts his heart to pray  
To help him fight for what is best,  
Come storm or fog, come rain or hail,  
He leaves to God's Will all the rest.

A. Neary, '28.

### THE BOOM OF THE TEMPLE BELL

There lingered a wayfarer with steps that did  
falter,  
And eyes that with age were misty and dim.  
By a granite shrine in the mountain-side carved,  
He whispered in tones that were sad and yet  
grim:  
"Where is the sound that from childhood I've  
cherished,  
And loved as the hues at the death of the day?  
Where is the bell that my mind has recalled,  
That beckons and thrills as the sun's parting  
ray,  
Which booms as an echo to the bell that rung,  
And suggest of joys which words cannot tell,  
Once gilt with the golden dreams of the young?  
Oh, where is the boom of the temple bell?"

J. Walker '28.

### AT DAWN

There comes a gentle breeze,  
That bids the mist to rise,  
There peeps a golden ray,  
To bid the world arise.

Then come the golden sunbeams,  
To bid the stars away,  
There comes the flaming sun,  
To bid the world good-day.

J. Silva '28.

### FREEDOM

In a dungeon deep and old,  
'Mid the mossy mouldy walls  
Lay a captive haggard and worn,  
On thru the dreary days of fall.

His hair was grey and white as snow,  
His face with fear was pale and drawn,  
And in the lonely vault he lay  
With all his spirit well nigh gone.

A river flowed a yard away,  
He heard it ripple night and day,  
From within the double dungeon  
Where for years and months he lay.

A cloudless moon serenely sailed,  
And a drowsy breeze bestirred the air,  
And now and then a barn-owl's cry,  
Came floating to the captive there.

He tried to reach the prison bars,  
But could not move a single pace,  
He peered around the gloomy place,  
But could not see another face.

And on the damp and creepy floor,  
He lay, with thoughts profoundly deep  
Of what the future for him would be,  
And succumbed to a fevered sleep.

The morrow's sun he did not see  
And thus away the captive pined,  
To find a peaceful place at last  
His timid heart now ne'er declined.

Paul Fehlen '28.



## HIS HOMELAND SKY

Over the sea slope vast and dull  
Dawn at last had begun to shed  
Over the calm and beautiful bay,  
Its first and faintest tinge of red.

The western wave became aflame  
And right above the eastern bar,  
Smiled the bright and glorious sun  
Upon the waters near and far.

A small sloop sailed far, far away  
By the aid of a rising wind  
And brought the skipper home again  
To the ones he left behind.

Now home again to that cheerful home,  
With dreams of days gone by,  
Comes the weary aged skipper  
To rest beneath his homeland sky.

Paul Fehlen '28.

## THE CAPTIVE

The captive's voice is weak and low,  
He thinks of better days;  
His footsteps drag along the wall,  
And pausing, he surveys  
With misty eyes and pensive smiles,  
That fading book, his memory.  
He turns the pages one by one,  
And lingers o'er each story;  
Of bloody battles lost or won,  
Of youthful pictures gay and bright,  
As he sits and sadly dreams,  
By the moonlight night by night,  
For his thoughts are far away.

John Walker '28.

## THE TEMPLE BELL

Rumbling, rolling, in echoing waves,  
On thru the hushed and scented dell,  
Over the knotted and mossy pines,  
Comes the boom of the temple bell.

Rising, falling, softly dying,  
Like the mournful service knell,  
'Mong the shady, sacred fir,  
Feebly echoes the distant bell.

Thrice a thousand times it tolls,  
Calling, asking, gently pleading,  
Wayward men and tardy pilgrims,  
'Long the path of life directing.

S. John Mutow '28.

## THE DIRGE OF A WEARY SOUL

Mournful and wailing in word and in tone,  
Worried in soul by the senses in strife,  
The silent and sorrowing dirge of the soul  
Tired of the pomp and hollowness of life,  
Loud as the boom of a gigantic bell  
Echoing to the heavens above  
Pleading its cause at the tribunal seat:  
"Quiet my heart, my Lord, with Thy Love."

There in His court reigns His majesty—God,  
Shedding His Love and His Mercy on men;  
Thus he has list to the crying appeal  
Which has ascended in piercing complain.  
Brought on the wings of the heavenly sent  
Right to the feet of the Lord of the World.  
Then to the heart, is the ray of His Love  
Sent,—and peace in the soul is unfurled.

C. Price '28.

## BOYS

You've got Life's long journey to make  
And life's battles to win,  
You've got life's high goal to reach  
And life's struggles to win.

You should never tarry to plan  
And dream the hours away,  
By building castles in the air  
All life's long busy day.

Step up bravely and face the foes  
With armour helm and greave,  
And never give up, whatever  
You may try to achieve.

Be sure to make a real good start  
And never look behind,  
But let "Forward" be thy watchword  
Kept sacred in thy mind.

Though you may stumble once or twice  
Upon the rugged path,  
Oh never, never, lose thy heart  
But trudge along the path.

Life's road is very cold and rough  
With pines and thorns around,  
So keep your step upon the path  
Till great success you've found.

Keep bravely plodding on your way  
The feeble old and bent,  
Then and only then you'll have the joy  
To know, for God your life was spent.

P. Fehlen '28.

## EDITORIAL

## Our Ideals

George Meinzing

FREQUENTLY, in the pages of this, our modest Forward has the thrilling little word ideal slipped from our pen; and naturally, since it is so closely associated with the mystic fountain of perennial youth—and we here are all young. In fact, this place is *overrun* by youngsters of varying age and description, and just *run* by other youngsters whose youth is disguised under the unescapable evidences—beards, vanishing hair, furrowed physiognomies;—of the advancing years of life. To say all at once, the S. J. C. camp has been pitched up on this breezy hill-top as a refuge for all those guilty of "the atrocious crime of being a young man." Youth is both its *raison-d'être* as well as its life and character, and the particular shives of it that somehow keep collecting up here in our brain-factory make up the material we try to shape into the ideal.

It is hard, quite hard, to get the lads in school to distinguish between idea and ideal. The reason is obvious. And yet it is of vital importance that, consciously or unconsciously, they grasp the meaning of these noble comrades of the educational vocabulary and come, by dint of striving, to perceive the nexus between them. Ideas are the *materia prima* of ideals and the one is a prerequisite of the other. Ideals, in the progressive movement of the soul towards the illimitable altitudes it yearns to attain, are a sort of superlative degree

of the perfection we feel destined to but which, like the unscaled Everest, we shall never actually attain. Our glory lies in a constant indefatigable approach. This is the idealistic conception of the ideal. There is, however, an element in it that lies closer home, puts it within reach and actualizes it. And under this aspect we may embody it in the lines of the sage:

"We sow an act and reap a habit;  
we sow a habit and reap a character;  
we sow a character and reap a destiny."

And in this we single out the middle term to stand for actualization of our ideals because character looks both backward to habits and acts, and forward to the grand final glorification of its own self, destiny; so that it is both an ideal worth striving for as well as a cause of ideals and the best means to attain them.

Now we say it outright. Our grand aim is to inspire each and every youngster that dons the S.J.C. cap-and-colors with such ideals in life as will effectively turn him out a perfect type of noble manhood. In his "Honest Man's Fortune" old John Fletcher says:

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man  
Commands all light, all influence,  
all fate."



The "souls that are trying to render honest and perfect men" here at this college are the corps of teachers who steadfastly pursue what they recognize as a mission from God – and *not* as a trade or profession – the sublime task of the education of youth. And the spirit that animates our corps of teachers can be discovered by eking out the meaning of that presently undervalued overabused term, education. By it, *we* mean three things, not one or two: instruction, education, inspiration; or mind, heart, and the combination of both. And it is the third factor in education that has to do with ideals.

Not much argument is needed to convince a sane man that this business of inspiring youth with the proper ideals in life is a critical and highly responsible task, for in this regard the duty of parents and teachers is parallel.

The parent that handles a child's soul thoughtlessly does it an irreparable wrong; and teachers whose normal training has not fitted them to contribute more towards the pupilage of their charges than storing their minds with fact-knowledge, are not worthy to be commissioned. It is because our staff recognizes the priceless value of each child-soul that the question of ideals and character is a daily solicitude. "Hoc opus, hic labor est."

But for young folks, untrained in philosophical delving and only with difficulty brought to do any common hard thinking at all, how do we try to produce that cast of mind which is congenial to all that is truly noble and really uplifting? For, we do not teach the children here that wealth, pleasure, enjoyment for enjoyment's sake, power, etc. are or can be ideals in life because, in last analysis, they

are not, and cannot be – even the professional optimists defend the contrary. Besides, there's the Gospel teaching. But we do try to develop in our young folks a something that can potentially fit them for all these modes of success; and that something is *character*. Character is, – as we previously hinted – the Jacob's ladder spanned aloft to a good and great man's ideal; and if character has for its foundation supernatural religion, then it is the Jacob's ladder that veritably attains the only ideal which adequately fits human destiny and secures it finally.

This then is the reason of our specializing in character-training for a characterless man is a man without ideals. But the child is father to the man and no man can reap in after-years what has never been implanted in his young heart. A lying, cheating, godless, homunculus is going to turn out, by the very nature of things, a lying, cheating, godless homo – and God help whoever is responsible for it!

"No change in childhood's early day,  
No storm that raged, no thought that ran,  
But leaves its track upon our clay  
Which slowly hardens into man."

Thus Prof. Romanes to impress upon us the fact that "only what is built into living never passes away."

The question of character then is vital in the work of education and all education in which no provision is made for character-training or in which it is laughed out of court, is worthless. Such education is education bereft of all its grandeur, a mere shadow without substance. We are proud to testify that such is not our conception of it. Our educational ideal, our sensitiveness to our serious

responsibility as keepers of youthful souls, and our ambition to have each one act out in his life the motto "erectos ad sidera tollere vultus" are all summed up in an admirable passage of the character specialist Samuel Smiles. We quote it by way of conclusion: "Although genius always commands admiration, character most secures respect. The former is more

the product of brain-power, the latter of heart-power; and in the long run it is the heart that rules in life. Men of genius are the intellect of society. Men of character are its conscience; the former are admired, the latter are followed."

These are our ideals. We do but hope and pray to succeed more and more in our efforts to realize them.

## Jolts in The Road

J.S.B. '19.

"WORDS are spoken so rapidly that when one hears one which is disagreeable he should hope to hear one soon which is agreeable."

These words, which are of the agreeable kind, were spoken by Aristide Briand, who holds his place in the French nation partly because he is wise and industrious, and partly because he knows a great deal of life and people.

The French are supposed, by people who have never lived among them, to be impetuous and excitable, and controlled by their emotions.

Yet France has produced some of the greatest philosophers of all time.

And it has produced men who knew how to "labour and to wait," building not for immediate results, but for the future to build after them until the reforms they sought might be finally established.

The French have had a bloody struggle for liberty, and they have

had many periods of excitement or of depression. But they have lived triumphantly through them, have not been daunted by disagreeable words, or disagreeable events and happenings, but have calmly waited for agreeable words and happenings, knowing that something better must come in the course of time.

To some extent the life of a person is like the life of a nation.

There is always a struggle for independence, always an aspiration for something better.

And there is always a liability to depression because of something trifling in itself that may be raised to undue importance by imagination.

Speech is spoken rapidly, life is lived palpitantly is its speed, and sometimes both are extremely disagreeable.

But the flow of speech and the stream of life goes on, and brings with it more cheering words or better fortune.



## Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur

Charles Mahlmann '28.

**I**N a period of less than four months, another group of boys, who have *successfully* reached the height of their college career will leave their Alma Mater to combat the fickle fortune of the world. I say *successfully* because this word contains a world of thought in itself.

Before proceeding further, let us ask ourselves the following question: Are we prepared to leave college and to meet the obstacles that will certainly present themselves in the path of life?

Many students scarcely realize that on the eve of graduation they are at a turning point in their life, even tho it apparently be but a period of joy and merriment. I am sure that if they go forth under such an impression, they will sooner or later succumb to life's obstacles.

In other words, are you prepared for the various disappointments and failures that may come your way? Are you holding your own like faithful soldiers and noble patriots in this long tiring march to manhood? Is your knapsack of accomplishment loaded to the brim, or does it hang empty on your shoulders? Are you fully armed for battle, or are you

poorly equipped and unprepared to meet the unexpected attacks of your enemies?

We all know that if a tree is bent or blighted in some way when it is still young, it will retain the blemish, until it is finally demolished by the forces of nature. This also holds true for you. There is a maxim which reads: "Somethings, when once performed, it is too late to effect a cure." If we are too ambitious, at the beginning, if we are too inquisitive and happen to turn into the wrong road, ten chances to one, we will have no opportunity to turn back to the right one later.

Even on the right road, we may deviate, if we are not constantly on the alert.

Let us therefore, keeping this in mind, seize a good opportunity whenever possible, and take care not to be lead onto the wrong track, because, as I said before, we may not be able to remedy our mistake. By following this simple maxim, in as far as it is possible for all of us to do so, we may hope to succeed in making our mark in this world, in which friend is often regarded as foe, and foe as friend.

## Mental Indigestion

J.S.B. '19.

**I** remember studying algebra in my good old S.J.C. schooldays, and feeling highly elated because I easily learned by rote the daily lessons, and

could repeat on paper the problems I found in "Milne."

I went on for a few weeks, making practically perfect exercises and de-

lighting my teacher, who began to regard me as a prize pupil (pardon my assumption).

Then one day an examination came along.

I could still remember the theorems, but when problems I had never met with before were set me I floundered helplessly.

I had filled my mental stomach with food, none of which I had digested.

If you wonder how so many men spend years at school and appear to know nothing whatever about anything important when they get out, you will cease wondering if you decide that they, too, have mental indigestion.

The "read, mark and inwardly digest" maxim was written by a very

wise man, who knew that the reading and marking were but two preliminary steps in education.

Education does not "take" like vaccination.

It has to be helped along on its way into the brain, and there milled over and considered before it finds anything like permanent lodgement.

Nothing is worth learning unless it is worth learning completely.

The person who has a smattering of all the popular topics of the day can really know little of any of them.

The pseudo-scientist who tries to tell you all about every invention and discovery soon becomes a bore. He does not know what he is saying, and his fuddled mind is simply sick with unassimilated facts.

## Bull-dog Grip

John Mutow '28

**"A** rolling stone gathers no moss," is indeed a proverb worthy of note and application. Will a farmer, who after weeks of strenuous labor, abandon his fine productive fields before he has reaped the harvest which he so justly merited, simply because he found the work too difficult or unsuitable to his tastes?

This is precisely what millions of men and women are unconsciously doing. Many a promising young man has failed miserably in life, not because he or she lacked ambition, general enthusiasm and business ability, but because pluck, persistency, and self-confidence were lacking. The moment we doubt or dilly-dally on the way we are side-tracked in the

tremendous struggle for influence, for independence, for success.

It is the man, alone, who is fired with a dominating spirit to succeed, and has the moral stamina of inflexible determination and steady adherence to his chosen career, who steps out from the ranks of common strugglers for whom the world makes way. If a boy or girl would walk steadily and confidently, without being blown hither and thither by opinions that are often as contrary as the poles, despite crushing discouragements and critical circumstances, will undoubtedly attain the goal he or she had set out to accomplish.

Last summer. I found an acquaintance of mine, an "extra" in a



restaurant; by winter he took to conducting trolley cars and motor trucks, and this spring, when we met once more, he had become a telegram carrier, and all the while, managing to be "just getting along". Well, I am now expecting him to end his days on the charity of others.

But occasionally, these shiftless characters make sudden attacks, brilliant coup d'etats, yet the lack of

staying power and the stick-to-it spirit, dooms them to be aimless wanderers on the face of the world.

What would be the present condition of many nations if the moral courage of their intellectual leaders had broken down, during a critical moment, under the strain of overwhelming obstacles and had wavered, vacillated and turned tail upon their life-work?

## Tracks

J.S.B. '19.

**“WHAT** man has done, man can do”, and a little more.

There may have been another Homer, but if there hasn't, there will be.

Many people believe that no painter will ever equal the old masters of the Renaissance.

But, barring some unforeseen or unexpected encounter with a comet, this old world of ours will last a good many years; and there is little reason to think that even greater painters are not somewhere in the future, waiting to be born.

Wherever man has gone, he has left tracks for other men to follow.

The work of the teacher is merely the work of pointing out the tracks of great men who have gone their way, leaving something to the coming generations that was worth remembering and emulating.

These records of what has been

done for mankind are the best heritages that men can leave behind.

It would be impossible, in this space or on this magazine to give the names of all the great track-makers, from Jesus Christ, the greatest, down to men of the present time.

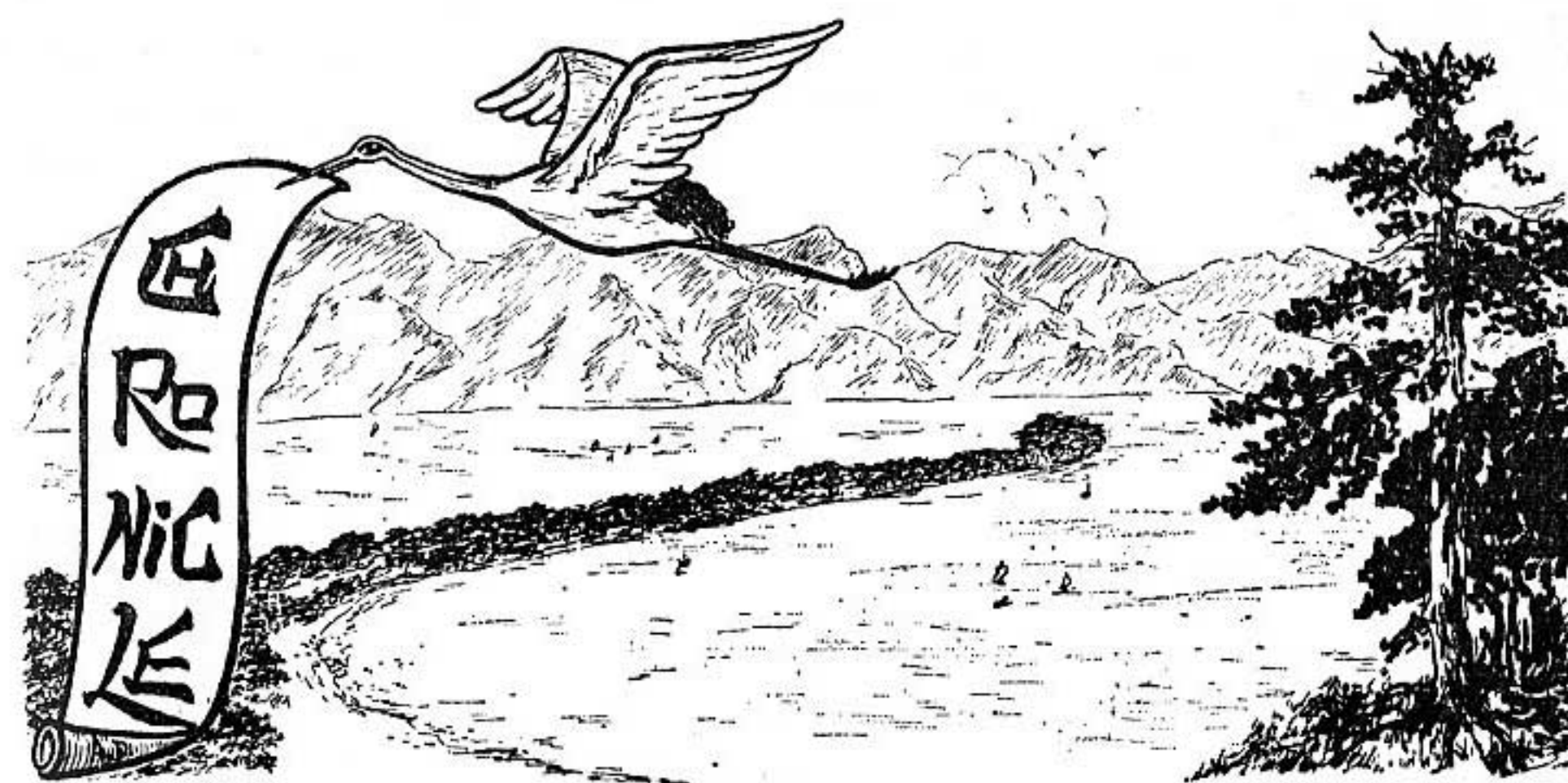
There can be no excuse to-day for lack of ambition, for failure to put forth effort at some useful achievement.

It is self-deception to say that everything has been done, and nothing is left to do.

There is still great work to be done in all branches of human endeavour, particularly in mechanical branches.

The tracks of genius are fresh and the more easily followed.

Never was there so much opportunity, never so much chance for young men and women to build on what has been built, and to make fortunes and reputations for themselves.



By Paul Fehlen '28

### The New Building.

Everyone is now anticipating that long-cherished hope. "The Greater St. Joseph." It seemed only a few days ago that the architects were busily sketching the plans of the new building and here it is nearing completion, thus giving evidence of the fact that we live in a fast moving age. The future school life at St. Joseph College will be greatly different from what it has been in the past. The latest expansion of the College will facilitate the workings of the different departments and thus provide an additional means for promoting the big educational aim we pursue here.

### An Entertainment.

In order to boost the Playground Fund, the St. Joseph College, gave a cinema entertainment on the evening of February 18, at the Memorial Hall before a large number of cinema fans. Though the weather was not perfect, the entertainment was quite

a success, socially and financially. Mr. Perkins of the Paramount Film Co. deserves our most cordial thanks for his valuable assistance in arranging the performance. We hereby proffer them from the fullest hearts.

The entire cost of the playground is Yen 35,000.00. of which the College has on hand Yen 15,000.00; the remaining Yen 20,000.00 the contractor, Mr. Ohbayashi, has agreed to allow us three years time to pay with three installments. The first year Yen 8000.00 and the two remaining years Yen 6000.00 each.

### Sale of Tickets for The Entertainment.

The sale of tickets for the entertainment of February 18 was undertaken by the students in their usual loyal way. The regular old campaigners were right on the spot and took up this family concern with the most praiseworthy enthusiasm. The best sellers are seen in the picture, *Best Sellers*.



### Director to Leave for Europe

These are palmy at St. Joseph College especially in the line of *dates* and more especially in the line of *red-letter dates*. We have culled a number of such dates in previous issues of the Forward and the student editors review them in the present one. But—and here we cease the “figuring”—there are unreviews able ones too, those namely that are still in the bosom of the slowly awakening spring. Like certain wandering luminaries of the skies, these dates have not yet succeeded in getting fixed, but at no big remove from now they certainly will be. What we refer to can easily be surmised and, if the whisperings of the genial south-wind told true, they will occur in this order. 1st.....The official and solemn opening of the new dormitory and campus. 2nd...The Headmaster's summer furlough. 3rd...The Commencement.

As all these prospective glories of S. J. C. are still in the dark bosom of time, we shall refrain from expatiating upon them and rather await their cheering realization. However,

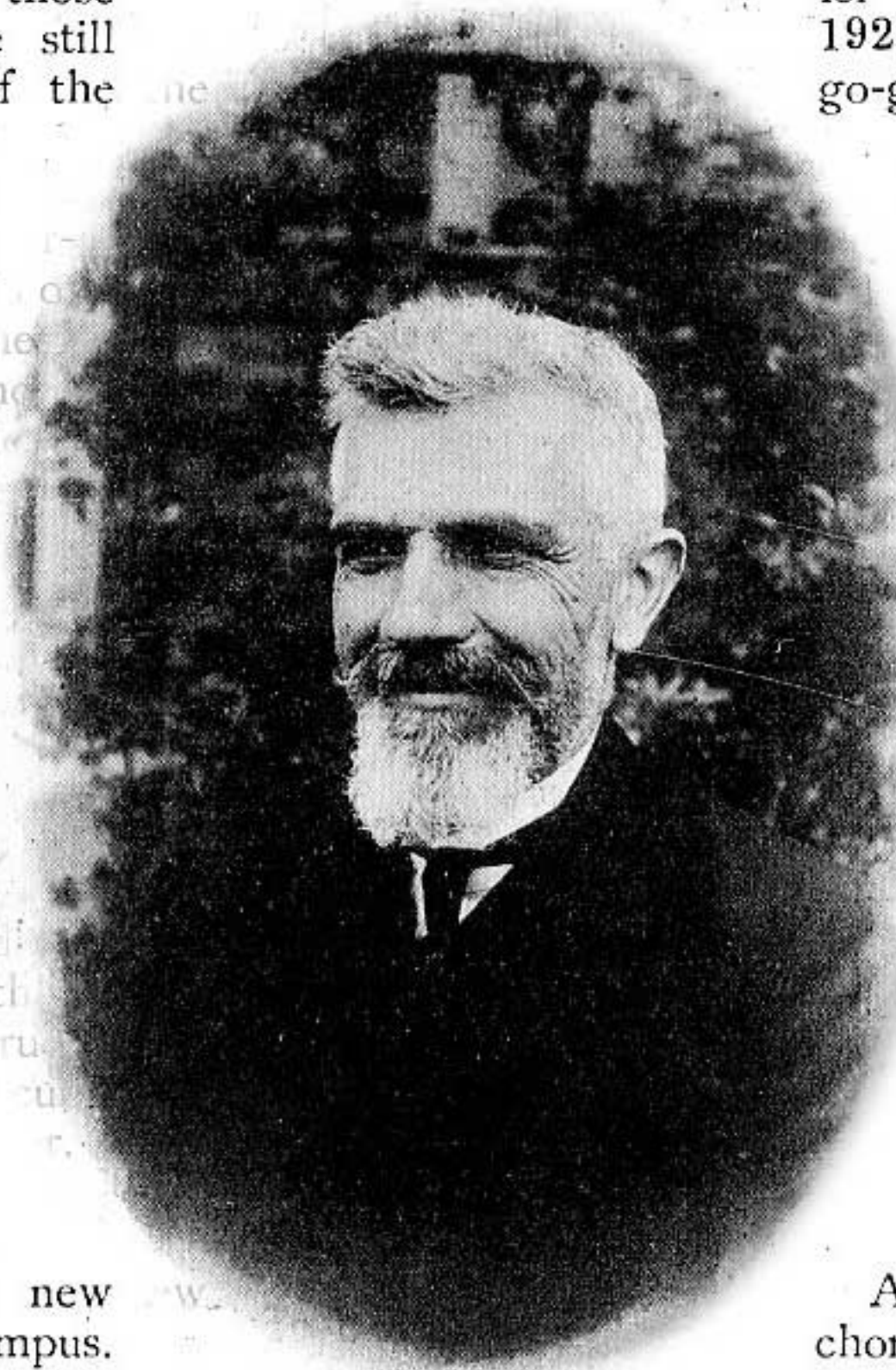
even now we may venture to rise and salute them from afar and so buoy up our courage just a bit more by the happy expectation. As the boys would say: We're going to have a slambang finish.

### The “Ads Club” makes a Present.

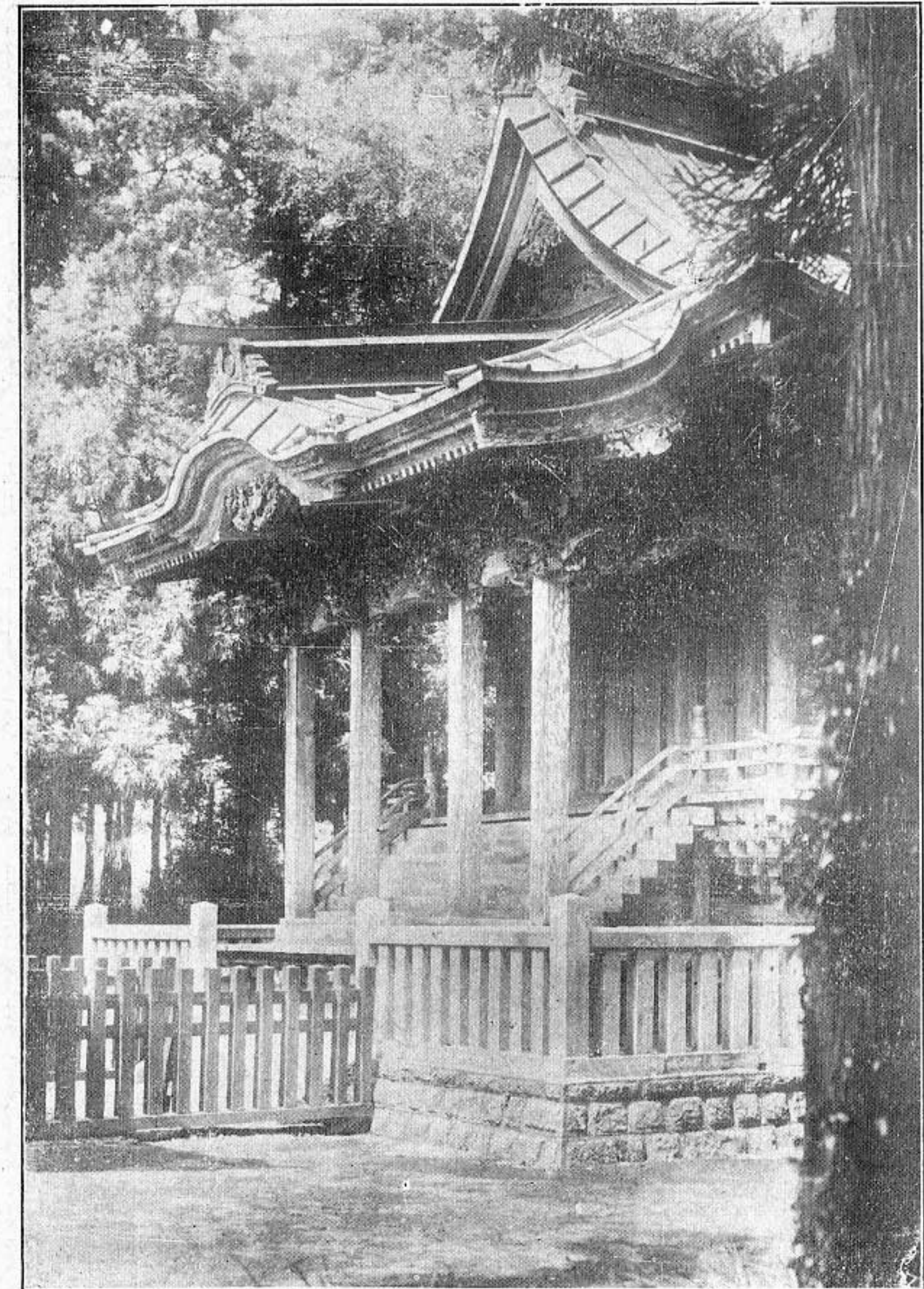
The “Forward Advertising Club” for the year 1927-1928, with its several go-getters met with great success in the issue of the Christmas number of 1927-1928. At its January meeting the members of this “live wire” club decided to help along the Play ground Fund, and on January 13, the “Forward Advertising Club of S. J. C.” made a gift of the little sum of Yen 150.00 to Mr. Gaschy for the new campus.

### The Chapel Choir of S.J.C.

A select corps of choristers is presently undergoing strenuous practice for the opening of the “New Chapel.” Special music for the occasion have been received from the States and the picked singers are trying to measure to the high expectation that the event will raise in interested friends.



Mr. J. B. Gaschy  
Will visit educational institutions of  
Europe and America



AN ARTISTIC FOREST TEMPLE



### "Chuky's" Crew Enjoys "Old Ironsides"

Dear Sir:—

On behalf of myself and the other survivors of the S.S. "Chuky," I wish to thank you and the staff and students of St. Joseph College for your kindness in giving us complimentary

tickets for the entertainment on Saturday night. Your kindness was much appreciated by all of us and we had a most enjoyable evening.

Yours sincerely,

(signed) J. C. Sheehan  
Chief Engineer.

## DONORS' LIST

The big thing in the history of the "come back" for this period are the splendid gifts received.

**Bro. Joseph Seubert** of Dayton, Ohio, sent in a gift of ¥50.00 for the laboratory.

**Mr. D. Weed** of Tokyo, has added to the work of building up the laboratory.

**Mr. Joseph F. Gigler** of Arnold, Pa. is the donor of the handsome set of books by Thackeray.

**Mr. J. S. Boyd** of Glasgow donated some precision instruments.

**Mr. J. Malinski** of Dayton, has thought of us again.

**Mrs. G. Shaw** of Antung will present beautiful Tientsin rugs for the reception rooms of the College. Mrs. Shaw is to be congratulated on her choice of gifts.

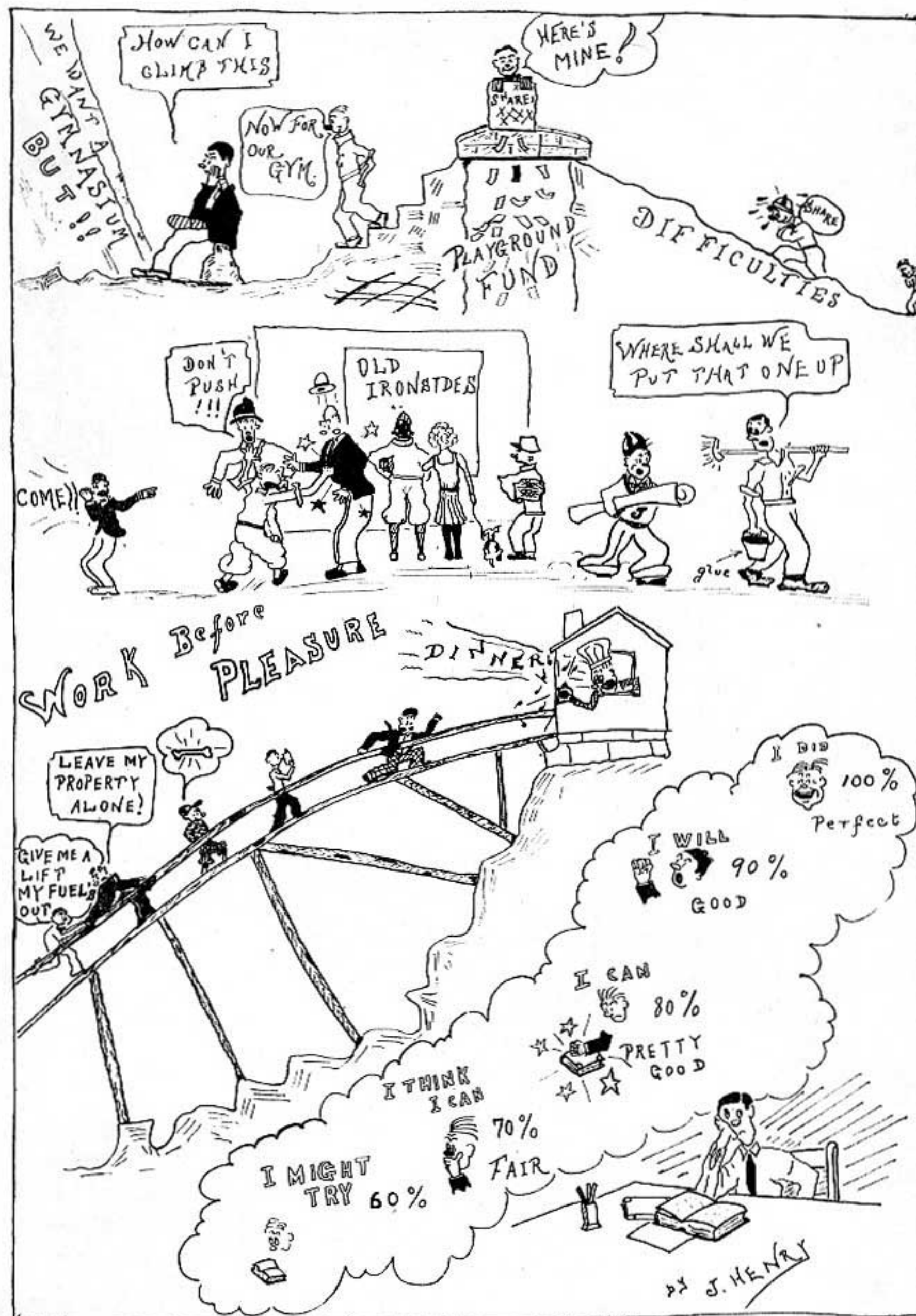
**Mrs. J. D. Miller** of Yokohama presented a very rich cloth for the

chapel. Its exquisite beauty will make it difficult to find its equal. We extend our sincere thanks to Mrs. Miller.

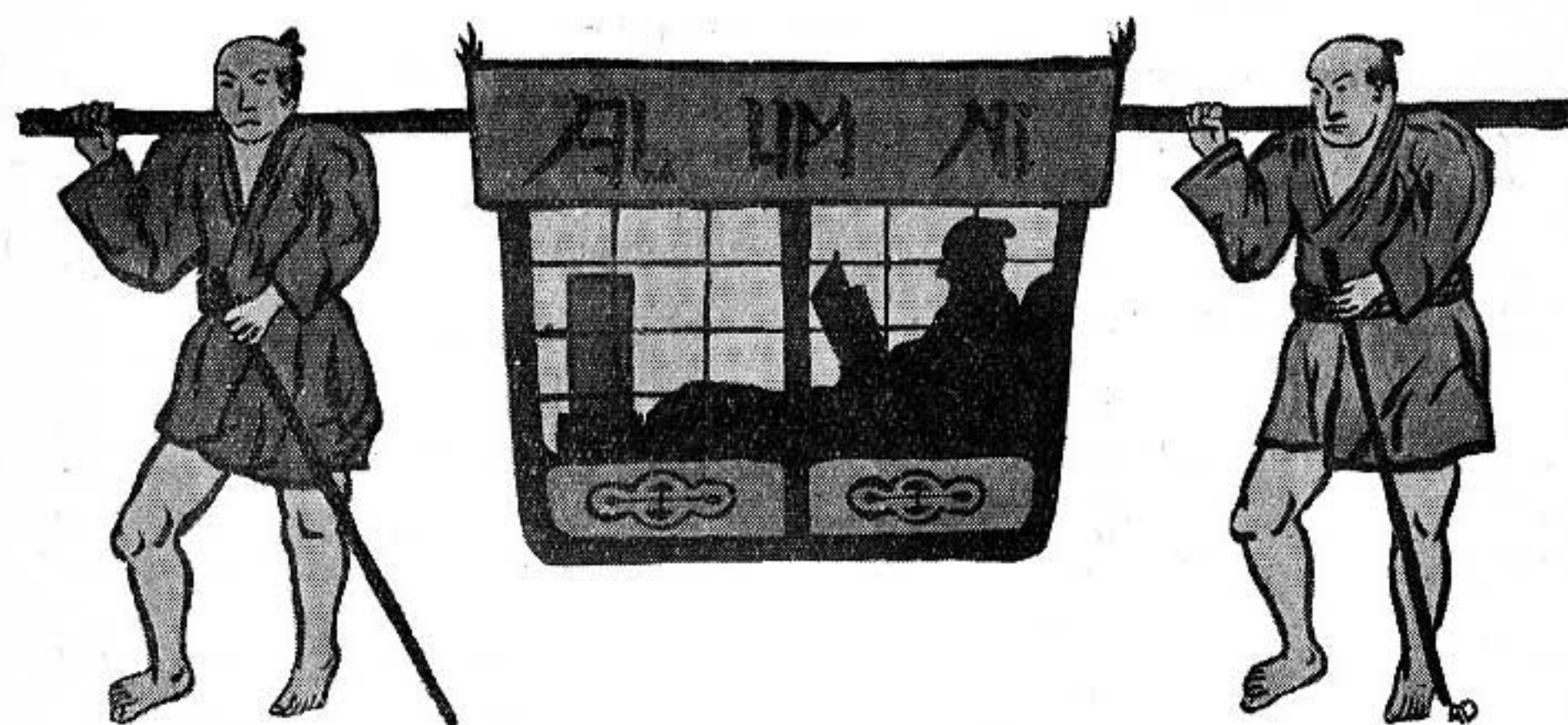
**The Advertising Club** of the Forward presented Yen 150.00 to the playground fund. Here are the members. J. Burke, P. Fehlen, J. Henry, C. Lum, C. Mahlmann, J. Mutow, A. Neary, C. Price, J. Silva, J. Walker, L. Galstaun, F. Ganin, H. Luther, C. Low, R. Mehta, R. Price, L. Shaw, S. Takata, K. Takahashi.

**Bro. Michael Schleich** sent several volumes to the boys' library.

The following boys made a **big sacrifice** and gave of their own spending money to the playground fund: J. Burke, P. Fehlen, C. Mahlmann, A. Neary, C. Price, J. Silva, L. Galstaun, F. Ganin, H. Luther, C. Low, R. Mehta, R. Price, L. Shaw, S. Takata, K. Takahashi, M. Brodesolles, T. Turner, V. Galstaun.







Joseph da Silva '28

### ALUMNI KOBE-YOKOHAMA INTERPORT.

The S. J. C. Yokohama and Kobe Alumni basketball teams met for the second time down in Kobe at the Y.M.C.A. Both teams were in perfect trim and the Yokohama quintet were determined to make their trip to Kobe worthwhile by bringing home the pennant which the Kobeites took from them last year. The Kobe cagers held stubbornly to the pennant for the first quarter but the Yoko players were too fast for them and the first game went to the visitors. The pennant seemed prepared to go back to its home town. Its preparations were complete when in the second game of the series the Yoko cagers outplayed the Kobeites and romped off with a lopsided score of 49-22, thus winning the series in two straight games. William Fehlen '27 was awarded a trophy as all-star player of both teams.

A dinner in honor of the Yokohama players was given at the Oriental Hotel after the games.

**Domy Fernandes** was of invaluable service at the "Old Ironsides"

cinema at the Memorial Hall. Domy secured the services of his friend **Mr. E. Kaai** of Honolulu to play the musical selections during the evening. To meet a new friend is a pleasure but to have incorporated Mr. Kaai is a manifold pleasure.

**Looking Forward.** It is with high spirits that we announce a new arrival in our editorial family. While attending the Glasgow University for some years and presently serving on its staff, alumnus **John S. Boyd '19** has also contributed interesting discussions upon various scientific topics in these pages. It is our pleasure to announce that J. S. Boyd '19 has accepted the post of Honorary Editor of the Forward. Henceforward we can expect more frequent contributions from his gifted pen.

**Dr. V. S. W. Worden '09** of Los Angeles has written a little gem and sent it to his father Dr. W. Worden of Yokohama. It is a pleasure for us to print it in this issue of the Forward for it contains a thought we

ought to keep continually in mind and make of our life a flower that "Distills the peace of God's abode," For, "One is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth." Dr. Vivian Worden is living at 2622 San Marino St., Los Angeles.

**Emile Cotte** is now a regular soldier boy with the R. I. C. Detachment at Pekin, in the Bureau de la Place. He is quite active as interpreter for French, Japanese and English.

**Walter Helm** of Southern California University passed the entrance examination to be sure! Congratulations to our alumnus.

**Nicholas Didishko** was a real getter during the Christmas holidays in Harbin. Nick sold a good number of Forward subscriptions in the growing city of Harbin. Manchuria is now in the forward movement and we are glad many of our former pupils are there to help push it onward.

**Mr. Wm. Helm**, who for many years has been established in Manchuria returned to Yokohama and placed his son, Alexander, at the College. St. Joseph College stands for service to generation.

**Eugene de Savitch '21** is meeting with great success in his studies for the medical profession under the direction of Dr. Sewal of Denver. Eugene has completely recovered from the severe sickness he laboured under a few years ago; and this is our joy. You certainly have the "Forward Spirit" Eugene, and we

know you will be a leader. Congratulations!

**George Weed** is a "number one" in his chemistry class at the University of Dayton. He calls his professor "a Prince." That's loyalty! and we dub thee "Knight of Forward."

**Wai Dai Loo** has returned from Canton and taken up his residence in Kobe. He dropped in to visit his former teachers on his way to Kobe. Wai Dai is representing the Tin Yau & Co. His address is 24 Kaigan-dori 4 chome, Kobe.

**Jimmy Mayes** writes from Canada where he has been for the past several months. He finds the climate ideal and the city of Vancouver a beautiful place. His address is 1340 Barclay St.

**Murat Agafuroff** remembered the senior class lately and sent a little souvenir from his bouncing home town of Harbin. Murat is living in the hub of commercial Asia and some day..... "I knew he would make good," is what we will say.

**Louis Chernych** is now registered at the University of California in the medical department. By personal study he has advanced himself and saved a whole year on his course. That spells "I will," and success comes in its train. Good for you Louis.

**Dante Dentici** our Parisian student does well in his school. He fears the heavy traffic of Paris. Who wouldn't coming from—well, why say it? Yoko is a fine old town Dante.

**Rustam Mehta** has been with us for many years and now, we are sorry



to report, must leave with his parents for London. Rustam will take up his studies in merry England, and we wish him great success.

Our felicitation to **Mr. Germain**, the perfect prefect of the Senior

division. The French Government has decorated him for his great deeds in the World War and now he is the happy recipient of the Médaille de la Victoire, Médaille des Engagés Volontaires, Médaille des Evadés, and Croix de Guerre.

## ALUMNI ANNIVERSARY

The Alumni Athletic Association held its Fifth Anniversary Dinner at the Crescent Club on March 17th.

Mr. M. Apcar acted as chairman. Mr. J. Agajan took for his subject St. Joseph College. Mr. Jos. F. Janning, representing Mr. Gaschy,

who was unavoidably absent, spoke on the Power of the Alumni Athletic Association.

The evening was very successful and all present expressed their delight in glowing terms. Present members:

President ... ..	Mr. Apcar.
Hon. Secretary ... ..	F. R. Harriss.
Hon. Treasurer ... ..	A. Agajan.

D. Fernandes.  
J. V. Agajan.  
H. J. Mason.

Anderson T. W.  
Ahrens J. A.  
Arcouet N.  
Budge J. J.  
Brinkmeier R. C.  
Costa L.  
Cotte J.  
Dietrich J.  
d'Aquino A.  
Fachtmann H.  
Fachtmann M.  
Fachtmann L.  
Fachtmann G.  
Fernandes J.

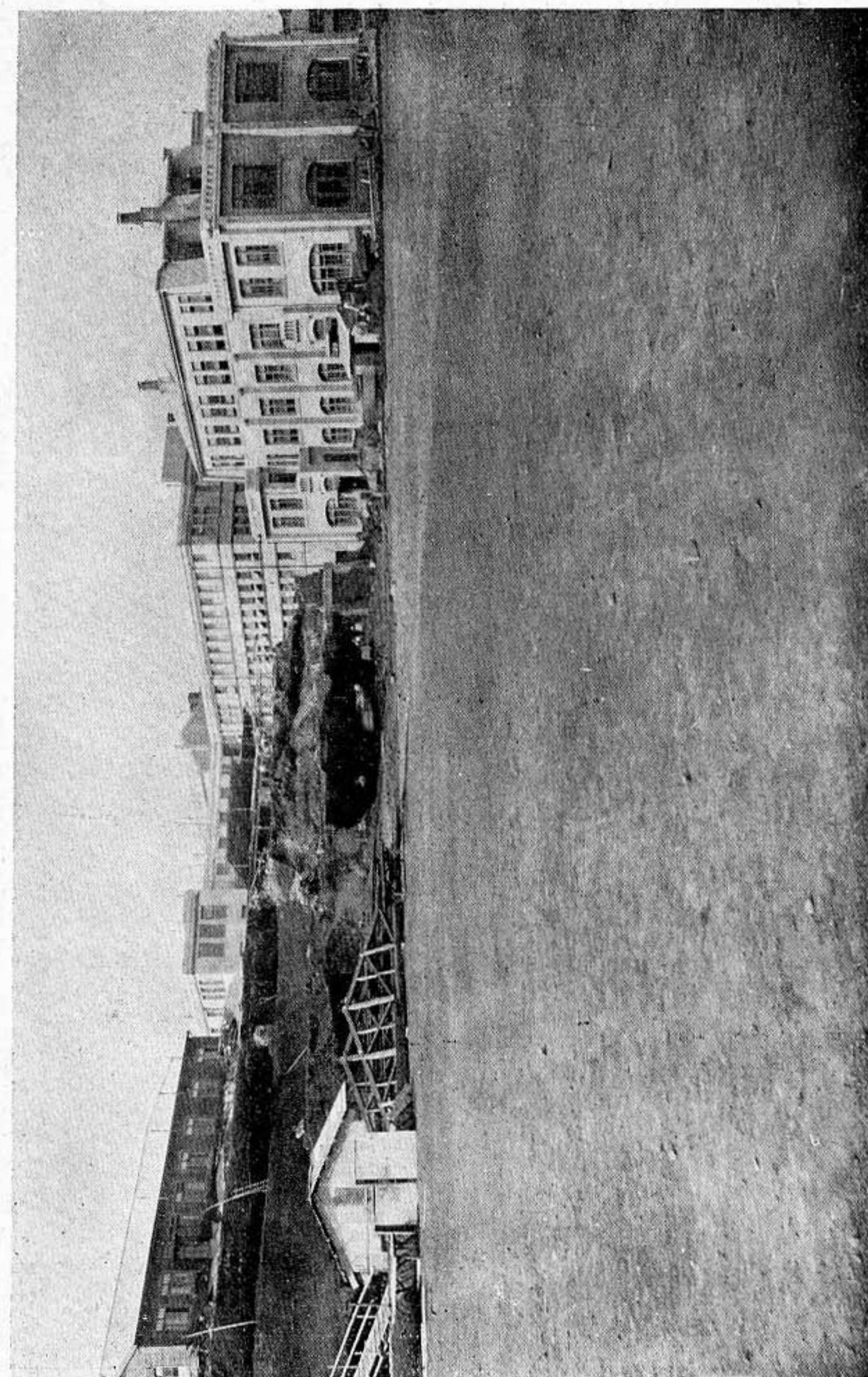
Fehlen W.  
Gomes E. V.  
Goldfinger L.  
Gregory W.  
Haum L. N.  
Hay T.  
Helm J.  
Hatter D.  
Horiguchi R.  
Koshino A. H.  
Koch J.  
Koch F.  
Kingdon J.  
Kulikoff V.

Kaai E.  
Laffin W. A.  
Laffin T.  
Lord P.  
Lord S.  
Luther M.  
Oberlein M. R.  
Oishi N.  
Papendieck E.  
Salter E.  
da Silva E.  
da Silva F.  
da Silva L.  
Schoene F.

Tanner E.

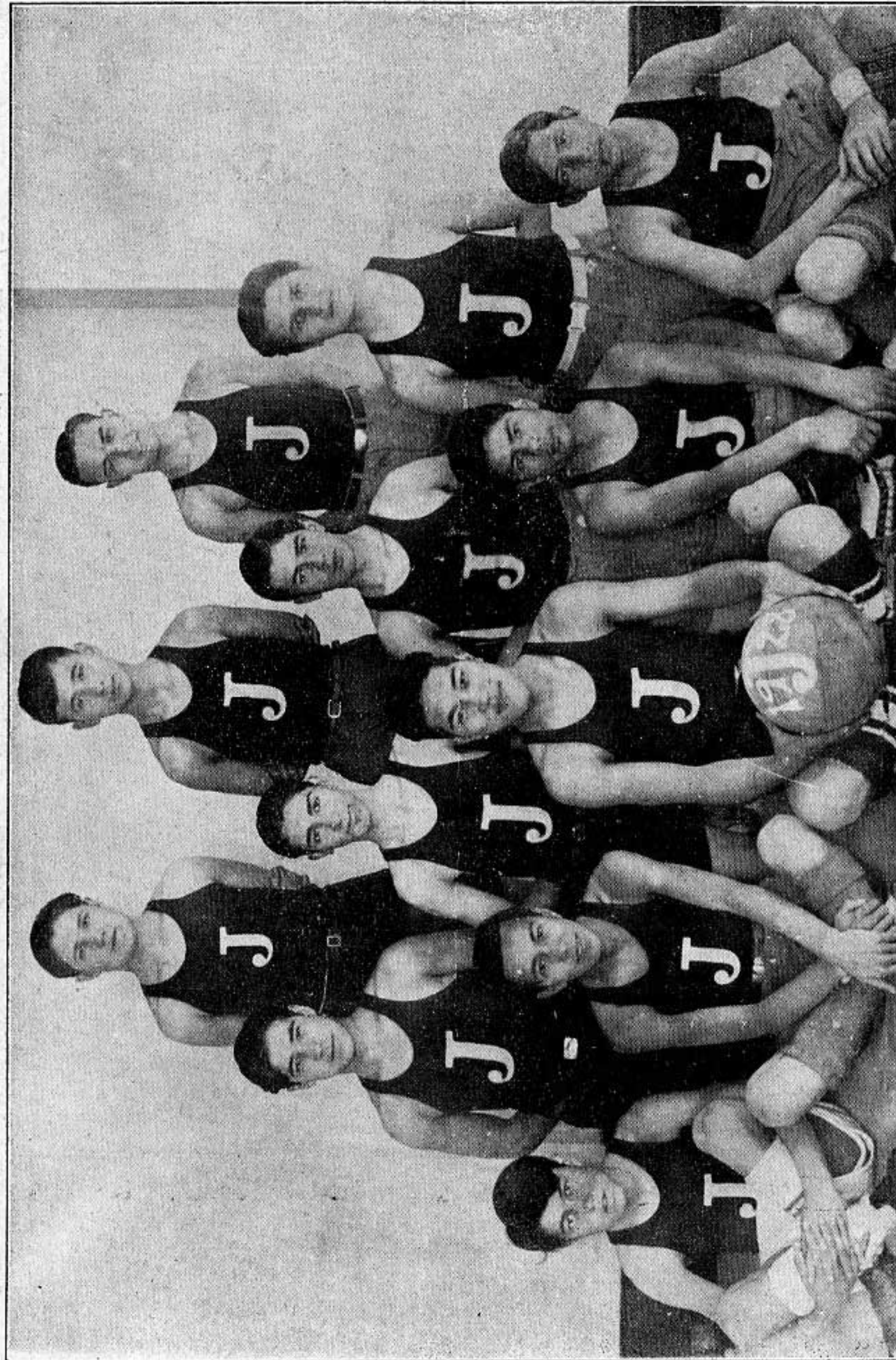
Tomeye L.

Walker H.



VIEW OF BUILDINGS AND PLAYGROUND- PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN MARCH 1/28





J. BURKE  
 P. FEHLEN  
 F. GANIN  
 A. SCHAEZCHEN  
 C. PRICE  
 W. DEWITT  
 J. HENRY  
 M. GANIN  
 R. MEHTA  
 S. TAKATA (Captain)  
 J. EVANS



By John Burke '28

### Saints Nose Out the A.A.A. 2nds. In Exciting Game

THE Blue and White cagers got their footing only in the final minutes and romped off with the long end of the score 29-28. The struggle was extremely even, each team having the lead five times.

The 3 A opened the scoring, when Haum receiving a pass, netted. This was quickly followed by a second. Full of courage the collegians re-

doubled their efforts and soon cut down the lead. Sure shooting and faithful guarding gave the Joseph boys the lead which changed hands as the game progressed. At the final whistle the College boys had just nosed out the old boys by one little point; score 29-28.

Referee: Mr. Hirota.

### A.A.A. Carries off the Long End of the Score 38-11 Against College

POOR guarding and inaccurate shooting were the main factors in losing this game. Fachman their tall centerman, took full advantage of his overhead shot and considerably swelled their score.

Often the ball was worked under the Alumni's basket but goals failed to follow, owing to poor shooting.

Their speed and fast teamwork completely baffled the comparatively inexperienced opponents.

James and Ganin were taxed to the utmost by the fast Alumni forwards.

At the end of the game the score read 38-11, against the S.J.C.

Referee: Mr. Hirota.



### Saint Joseph B Team Easily Captures Sanchu

**T**HROUGHOUT the game the College showed their superiority by perfect guarding and accurate shooting. Guarding was facilitated by their inferior height.

With well combined passwork the Saints generally advanced, and that

meant a basket. Clearing himself from a difficult position Schaetzchen dribbled the length of the floor and dumped one in from the corner. The game ended 37-16 with S.J.C. at the good end of the tally.

### S. J. C. vs S. S. MACEDONIA

**A** strong northerly wind swept across the field when the game commenced. The sailors fully taking advantage of the wind broke into a severe attack, by which the blue and white boys were kept busy, preventing goals. Time and again the mariners centered around the goal, but failed to score, the fullbacks clearing vigorously. The Saints often succeeded in outwitting the opponent halfback line, but the strong wind caused the ball to be uncertain and spoilt their chances. At half time whistle the score read 1-0 in favor of the Macedonians.

The second half spelled the downfall of the shipmen. Backed by the wind and goaded on by mutual cheering, the invincible college boys dashed down the line in splendid form, which soon resulted in a tally. This was quickly followed by a second goal. But the sailors effected a comeback and the score was 2-2. The S. J. C. determined to crush their enemy scored three in rapid succession.

At the final whistle the score stood 5-2 in favor of the Saints.

### RIKKIO DOWNS S. J. C.

**O**UR blue and white boys found their match in the Rikkios and were turned back by a score of 40 to 27. Although considerable difference is seen in points, the game was very well contested. The reason for their setback was principally their careless guarding and also the shoot-

ing. The greater height of the St. Paul players were also to their credit.

Dewitte played well and paid his respects to the basket quite often. In the first quarter the Joseph quintet lead by double, but as the game advanced the lead was lost. At half

time the Rikkio University had the better of the Saints by a few baskets. Nearly a fifth of their final score was effected from the charity line, owing to the rough playing of the College. Turner was replaced by F. Ganin, but a few minutes before the end he

was fouled out and Turner again resumed play. Desperate attempts were made to cut down the lead, but the whistle blew at the gloomy turn of 40-27.

Referee: Mr. Hirota.

### S. J. C. in Hard Tussle with A. S.

**T**HE long anticipated game against the A. S. proved a real fight throughout. Right from the whistle the Saints pepped and scored 4 points without much trouble. But the lead was promptly cut down in a few minutes of play by the Tokyo boys. Then followed a hard battle in which both teams fought furiously for the upper hand. Gradually the S. J. lost out in the struggle for supremacy, at the half time interval the score being 19-10, in favor of the invaders.

At the whistle for play an encouraged and determined quintet of Joseph boys took up their positions. Lightning speed and clever passes almost attained success for the Yoko-

hama team. The time for the end was fast approaching, when C. Price was replaced by Takata due to the former being injured. Takata quickly got used to his position and contributed two baskets to the score making it 26-22. Only two baskets more to tie, when another was made by them. Soon after the whistle blew, ending the game, the score reading 28-22, the American School being the winner.

The loss was due to the numerous fouls made by the Saints. In field goals the Joseph quintet had one more than their opponents, but they lost out in the foul shots, the A. S. making 8 points by them.

### S. J. C. B Quintet Against B Team of A. S.

**A** well matched game was the result of the game between the S. J. quintet and that of the A. S. In guarding the Saints showed more skill, but in shooting they were inferior to the American School team. Time and again the ball was taken up to their territory, but baskets fail-

ed to result owing to faulty shooting.

In the second half the College boys played splendidly and almost tied their score, the difference being by two baskets. The Tokyo quintet were now threatened fiercely, but the whistle blew and the game was theirs.

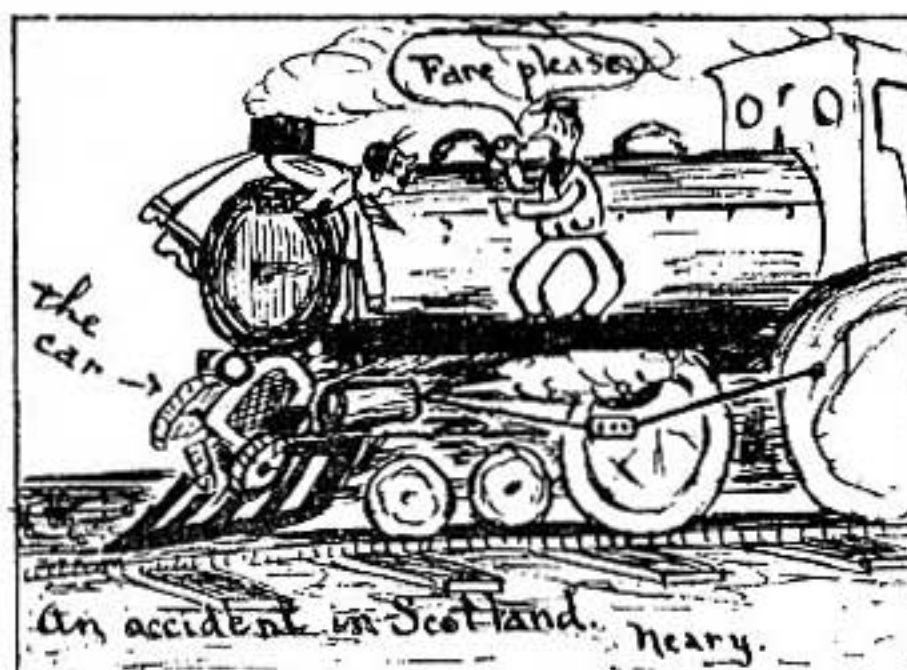


# JOKES

By Alex Neary '28

Rhyme these off:

Can you tell me why  
A hypocrite's eye



Can better descry  
Than you or I  
On how many toes  
A pussy-cat goes?  
A man of deceit  
Can best count-er-feit  
And so, I suppose,  
Can best count her toes?

When Bliggers had a cough he  
Was told to drink no coffee  
And now he's sued  
For he is rude,  
And won't cough up his cough fee.

Snowball: "What's the capital of  
Turkey?"

Goro: "Why-er-er- the name of a  
cat."

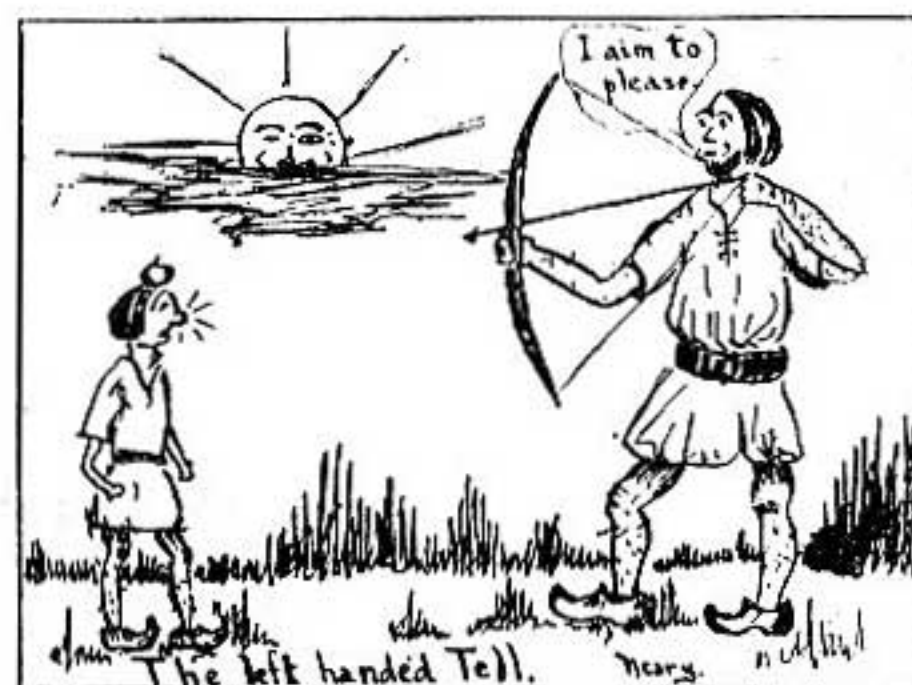
He: "You used to say there was  
something about me that you liked."  
She: "Yes, but you've spent it all  
now."

When Joe returned to school after  
an absence of one day, he brought  
the principal an excuse which read  
as follows:

"Dear Sir: Kindly excuse Josy's  
absence yesterday. He fell in the  
mud. By doing same you will great-  
ly oblige his mother."

John: "Did you ever take a bath?"

Jack: "I should say not. With an  
iron constitution like mine, I rust."



## Garden Talk

Said the onion  
To the radish:  
Lettuce meet on common ground,

Not as seed  
Like the weed  
That in soup is never found!  
The celery hung its head  
The beet grew red,  
The carrot was yellow with fear  
The spinach shook  
As the gardener took  
The sweet corn by the ear.

Wife to ailing husband: "John,  
you do look ill, you should never  
take anything that disagrees with  
you!"

Discouraged husband: "My dear, if  
I'd always taken that advice where  
would you have been?"

Professor: "I'm tempted to give an  
exam tomorrow."

Smart Lad: "Yield not to tempta-  
tion."



Jack: "Dick, do you know the  
difference between life and love?"

Dick: "No, what is the difference?"

Jack: "Life's just one fool thing  
after another. Love is just two  
fool things after each other."





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